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The Storefront Classroom - P.O. Box 1174 - San Francisco - CA 94101 - (415) 752-0773

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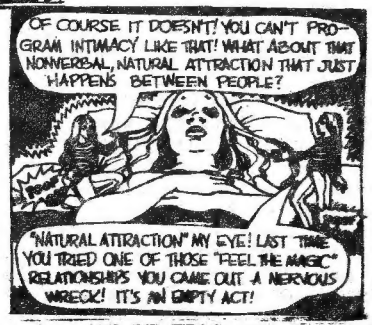
IMMORAL! OLD ENOUGH TO BE HER FATHER!
BETRAYING HER CLOSEST FRIENDS!
REALLY POLLY, THEY'RE JUST A BUNCH OF MISFITS!
POLLY, I FORBID YOU TO JOIN THIS THING!
MOM
SIS
DAD

What happens when a young woman drops out of the old life-style into the new? To find out, you have to follow Even Eve's Far Out West, a serialized comic strip, which has some excellent characters and more realistic dialogue than you're going to encounter on your tube any evening. The two panels here are from episode #12 and to get all of them, you'll have to do your own negotiating with Storefront Classroom.

FAR OUT WEST


OF COURSE IT DOESN'T! YOU CAN'T PROGRAM INTIMACY LIKE THAT! WHAT ABOUT THAT NONVERBAL, NATURAL ATTRACTION THAT JUST HAPPENS BETWEEN PEOPLE?
"NATURAL ATTRACTION" MY EYE! LAST TIME YOU TRIED ONE OF THOSE "FEEL THE MAGIC" RELATIONSHIPS YOU CAME OUT A NERVOUS WRECK! IT'S AN EMPTY ACT!

WIMMEN'S 6 out soon. This issue edited by Becky Wilson. She made her debut with a cover for Manhunt 2. Ms. Wilson is now into art and film at San Francisco State. She did cover for the new edition of People's Yellow Pages. Interview will appear in COMIX WORLD 35.

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COMIX WORLD 34. Copyright Clay Geerdes, 915 Indian Rock rd. Berk, Ca 94707. All rights reserved. $3 gets you 12 issues. Logo by Phil Yeh, who has the art newspaper, Cobblestone, wherein you'll find a column devoted to quotations from cartoonists. The current question is "What responsibility does a cartoonist have to his/her culture?" California Comics cartoonist, Will Meugniot put it this way: "None, directly. However, if the cartoonist takes care of his responsibility to himself to continually develop and treat things that concern him on one level or another in his work, he will be contributing something to the culture by giving an image of it through his eyes." Any of you cartoonists want to philosophize, drop Phil a line. Some of you who are into exposure for your work might want to discuss it with him. * A few loose ends. Velvet Vice was never printed. The few pages done by Jim Osborne ran in Arcade. Schenkman's Gone was never published either. Nobody has George Hansen's Hot Nuts (and is he glad?). Tales of Sex and Death 2 has not been published. * * Greg Irons has illustrated two books for Bellerophon Press, 156 Steuart St, San Francisco, Ca 94105. One is a history of Pirates, the other All New Dinosaurs and Their Friends. Pirates is $3.40 pp. and Dinosaurs is $2.40. Five dinosaur posters exist, all $5 each. * Completists may be interested in Demian's Orbit Esoterica, a set of black and white drawings. He's selling them for $2.10pp. Query him at 127 Sunderland Rd., Amherst, Ma 01059. * * L'Echo Des Savannes 11 has a three-pager by Wally Wood and another by Harvey Kurtzman and a lot of other nice things. * Real Free Press, Oude Nieuwstraat 10, Amsterdam, Netherlands, has four volumes of Krazy Kat now in Print. Fine reproduction quality. Write for their catalog & ask for U. S. prices (send an SASE). Larry Todd has finished Tales of Fantasy, a coloring book, $2.40pp from Troubadour Press, 126 Folsom St., S. F Ca 94105.** Apple Pie lives, says publisher Dennis Lopez. No more comix though. It'll be a funny photo mag and sell for 75¢.* Keith Green is publishing Willy Murphy's Flamed-out Funnies, a "very wholesome item," he sez. 10-8-75

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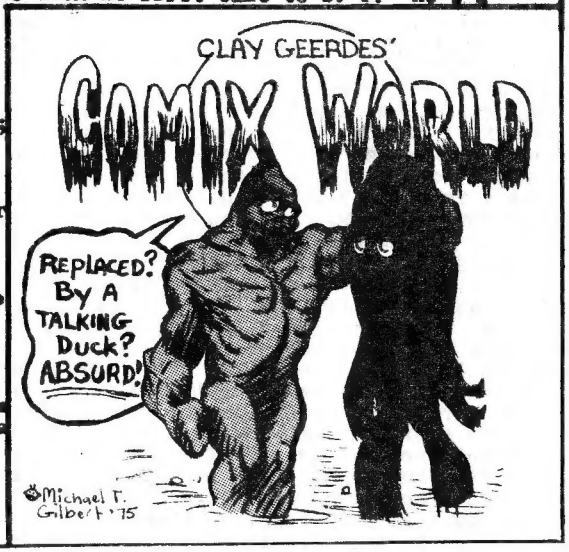
PROFESSIONAL PLASTER CASTER AND EX-ACID ROCK GROUPIE SEEKS WHEREABOUTS OF ROBERT CRUMB. FROM HIS SELF-CARICATURES HE MUST HAVE THE BIGGEST WANG IN ALL OF COMICDOM. IN ANY CASE I'VE DECIDED TO BROADEN MY FIELD SO IF YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS PLEASE WRITE HYACINTH CARE OF THIS PAPER.

Do you think the Big Disney will get after ole Marvel for doing a comic about a Barks duck? Well, they sued those nasty underground cartoonists for adding a little here and taking a little something off there, didn't they? Howard The Duck. That makes two funny animals now eating at the Marvel trough, or didn't you know The Man-thing was one? * * Hank asked me why Bay Area groups didn't make use of local artists, citing some of the shitty album covers that have appeared lately. Well, that's tricky. Has to do with the people and the company and the budget and the artist's willingness to do a cover. Irons got to know a lot of people in music when he first came to S. F. He's a guitarist himself & he went on the Tom Donahue Medicine Ball Caravan. Rick Griffin knew most of the people in the Grateful Dead family. He's located down in L. A. now & that's where the big companies are; anyway, I agree with Hank. Album art on the whole is horrible. I'm sure a lot of artists would like cover gigs, but that's just another one of those things that takes a hustler more than an artist. You have to deal with art directors & producers, etc. It's business more than art. * What I wanna know is when somebody's going to publish Joanne and Chris as a comic book. Foster's strip has run in the L. A. Star for years now & I'm sure there are enough good pages to fill out a book. It's one of the few comics that retains the flavor of the old grungy sixties bat-around roadie life-style we're all sentimental about. C. G. 10-10-75



NOTE: This personal memoir concerning my own experiences as a freelancer during the 1960's may give some of you an insight into the milieu from which the comix arose. Fellow writers, photographers, and artists will find a lot of this territory only too familiar. Comments and parallel experiences are welcome. Bear in mind that COMIX WORLD has a large readership around the country made up of young people who are just beginning to try to get exposure for their art and prose, and my own writing is addressed to them. As a naive young writer/photographer, I spent many useless dollars sending mss and pix to mags, collecting for my trouble a mundane and unimpressive bunch of printed rejection slips. None of them ever explained all I really wanted to know--Why the ms wasn't accepted. I would mail off a masterpiece and wait six weeks to three months for a little slip of paper that said, "Sorry, but not for us." Not much education in that. Meanwhile, I kept on making the same mistakes. I still make some, but I'm a lot further ahead of the game today than I was in 1968. Major mags rarely buy freelance material. Most of their issues are thematic, and the lead articles are all assigned, to the bigger name writers as a rule (names sell, unknowns don't which is why one reads a lot of crap hacked out by name writers while beautiful stories often go unnoticed in little mags of small circulation.). Today, there are thousands of people who think of themselves as writers and artists and many of them submit material to mags and papers. The volume is impossible to deal with. Many mags simply hire people to sort the mail down to those people that are known and the others. The others get their mss back if there's an SASE enclosed. A few publishers who can afford it will send the stuff back anyway, but most won't. Mags that do buy a little freelance material hire readers to break down the incoming mail. Stuff that is incorrect in format (handwritten, pencil-written, polaroid shapshots, ink drawings on lined notebook paper) is rejected immediately. Material that shows the writer/artist knows how to submit for publication is considered. A reader will glance over the 1st page. If it catches his interest, he'll read the rest; if not, clip on a rejection slip, and move to the next one. If a reader does find some gold in the slush pile, there is no guarantee that the writer will ever see print. There is nothing to keep a reader or editor from xeroxing a ms and ripping off the idea before he sends it back to the writer with a form rejection slip. This is a common practice with some publications, and, contrary to what the ingenue writer may believe, it is a relatively safe one. Suppose you live in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. You send a short story to a mag in Chicago. It is returned in six weeks and you just send it out again. Meanwhile, that story is re-titled and re-typed with a few name and location changes and is sold to a local Chicago mag that is not distributed in Baton Rouge. The same thing can happen to a cartoonist. His art may be shot on negatives which are later sold to a pirate in Europe. The illegal edition may be sold privately in England or France with the American artist never knowing a thing about it. The freelancer has no way of protecting against rip-offs. Nobody can look at all of the mags & books that appear throughout the world each week let alone read everything in them. Most writers specialize in specific subjects and It's enough for them to try to keep up on everything in their field. What you have to do is keep the guts of your article or idea to yourself until you've got an agreement with a publisher. That means using carefully phrased query letters and teasers. If you're unknown and unpublished, anything goes, because you've got to get an editor's attention and keep it or you're not going to get into his mag. You have to learn the business, too, don't think you don't. You have to know who makes the final decisions on the staff (where the power is) and there is no such thing as knowing too much about the internal workings of the publication. Every magazine is an extension of the publisher who runs it. If a publisher likes your stuff and wants it in, it's in, however an editor may feel about it. Freelancers usually deal with editors, and not with publishers, but never doubt that the overall philosophy of the publisher is the controlling factor. Either or both may be writers, but you can bet the editor is a writer whether the publisher is or not. This brings in a competitive factor. Last issue, I said "talent often keeps you out" and I meant that in reference to your relationship to your editor. If he reads your stuff and sees that it is better than what he does, he is threatened on several levels, and he may try to figure out a way to reject your stuff so that it does not appear in the same magazine with his. He may be an unsuccessful freelancer who didn't want to be an editor, but took the job to pay the rent. On the other hand, he may be a product of university journalism with a built-in prejudice against freelancers. I became familiar with this cliquish phenomenon when I was teaching. Those who joined fraternities and sororities banned together and rejected all the other students as GDI's (God-damned independents). Where school papers are concerned, this translates the same: you work on the paper for the privelege to fill the space with your own prose. You're not going to give any ink to those outside. Another way of looking at this is territorial boundaries. When R. Crumb did his first Zap Comics, he expressed in an interview (Promethean 5) that he hoped Zap would open the field to new cartoonists again, but what happened was a few cartoonists joined with him by the third issue, claimed the territory, and all subsequent submissions were rejected. This lead to the formation of other titles and other companies. Territories are anathema to writers with a catholicity of interests, however much they may be accepted for economic reasons. I like to write about anything that turns me on and I always hated being stereotyped and pegged for the convenience of this or that editor. If you opt for a career as a writer or artist in this country, you will continually run into the conflict between what you want to write or draw and what an editor will print. If you're facile, you pick up the various styles and use them to pay the rent while you work on your own projects. Maybe you can retain your own identity and maybe not. I've been a drama critic and film critic for a lot of years in the Bay Area and the directors, publicists, actors, actresses, box office people, and agents all know me in that role. It's one of many, and I seldom worry about it. I am aware of it, but I'm also aware that as a writer, I invent that character as well as the event he reviews. I know that drama critic just as Gilbert Shelton knows Wonder Wart-Hog, but I'm someone else. He is the kind of person who enjoys theater and dance and opera and he appreciates those aesthetic experiences the same way Wonder appreciates his unrepressive pranks. In COMIX WORLD, I am the historian who keeps a running account of contemporary comics, but just what COMIX WORLD is few people understand. I could tell you that it is a complex series of inter-connected visual and intellectual images designed in such a manner that their completion will amount to the most exhaustive study anyone has yet produced of comic art; that it is one part of the complex nation-wide network of happenings-in-progress; and that, like the underground comix which stimulated its inception, COMIX WORLD is beyond the computer. It's not really a fan trip at all, though many see it that way on a basic level; there is none of the idol-worship of the fanzine in COMIX WORLD; indeed, I see it as a rare place where things are what they are. C.G

THEN AND NOW. If you look at a Golden Age Sunday page and compare it with one drawn in 1975, you'll see a lot of radical differences, most of them at the expense of the contemporary work. A typical Sunday Peanuts is one sight gag stretched out to eight or more panels and sometimes fewer. A Bill Holman Spooky page from 1940 has eight panels and each one, including the logo, contains several intricate puns and sight gags. The plot involved Fenwick Flooky (ancestor of Crumb's Flakey Foont) with his cat, Spooky. The wit in Holman is both verbal and visual and he uses words to extend the meaning of his drawings rather than to paraphrase in the fashion of modern strip artists. Untroubled by realism, Holman created a world of absurdities filled with vehicles that couldn't work and characters who wouldn't stay in their picture frames. Coulton Waugh mentions Holman on p. 316 of Luna's reprint of The Comics, and he's barely noticed at all by Reitberger and Fuchs"History of the Comics" or the Couperie-Horn History of the Comic Strip. Those writers noted Holman's puns, but not his genius. In the first panel of a Spooky page from 1940: 1) location is given on a small printed sign tacked to the wall behind the clerk--Pet Shop. 2) The clerk has a pigtail, yet he's not Chinese (1940 was a period when ethnic jokes about 'Chinamen' were common.). 3) Fenwick Flooky's hat has two tops. 4) The cat sweater is stiff though empty. 5) A sign advertises 99 year leashes. In the next panel, Fenwick is shown wearing spats but no shoes, yet his cane has one shoe with an ice skate on it. He's walking toward home with the sweater he bought for Spooky the Cat's Christmas present. In the background is another guy headed in the other direction carrying a sign that says, Swap early. Fen takes the sweater home, hides it in the closet, but the cat breaks in, gets it on, and comes out wearing it. That's the action, but dozens of other ideas occur in each panel. Holman did them so they were integral and could stand alone. To him, the panel was a microcosm.